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**Detailed Minutes of Soldier Life.**

By Private CARLTON MCCARTHY.

**PAPER No. 5—*Improvised Infantry—To Appomattox Courthouse.***

Sunday, April 2d, 1865, found Cutshaw's battalion of artillery occupying the earthworks at Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox, about two miles below Petersburg, Virginia. The command was composed of the Second company Richmond Howitzers, Captain Lorraine F. Jones, Garber's battery, Fry's battery and remnants of five other batteries (saved from the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864), and had present for duty nearly five hundred men, with a total muster roll, including the men in prison, of one thousand and eighty.

The place—the old "Clifton House"—was well fortified, and had the additional protection of the river along the entire front of perhaps a mile. The works extended from the Appomattox on the right to Swift creek on the left. There were some guns of heavy calibre, mounted and ready for action, and in addition to these some field-pieces disposed along the line at suitable points. The enemy had formidable works opposite, but had not used

their guns to disturb the quiet routine of the camp. The river bank was picketed by details from the artillery armed as infantry, but without the usual equipments. The guard duty was so heavy that half the men were always on guard.

The huts, built by the troops who had formerly occupied the place, were located, with a view to protection from the enemy's fire, under the hills on the sides of the ravines or gullies which divided them, and were underground to the eaves of the roof. Consequently, the soil being sandy, there was a constant filtering of sand through the cracks, and in spite of the greatest care the grit found its way into the flour and meal, stuck to the greasy frying-pan and even filled the hair of the men as they slept in their bunks.

At this time rations were reduced to the minimum of quantity and quality, being generally worm-eaten peas, sour or rancid mess-pork and unbolted corn meal, relieved occasionally with a small supply of luscious canned beef imported from England, good flour (half-rations), a little coffee and sugar, and, once, apple brandy for all hands. Ragged, barefooted and even bareheaded men were so common that they did not excite notice or comment, and did not expect or seem to feel the want of sympathy. And yet there was scarcely a complaint or murmur of dissatisfaction and not the slightest indication of fear or doubt. The spirit of the men was as good as ever and the possibility of immediate disaster had not cast its shadow there.

Several incidents occurred during the stay of the battalion at Fort Clifton which will serve to illustrate everyday life on the lines. It occurred to a man picketing the river bank that it would be amusing to take careful aim at the man on the other side doing the same duty for the enemy, fire, laugh to see the fellow jump and dodge, and then try again. He fired, laughed, dropped his musket to reload, and while smiling with satisfaction heard the "thud" of a bullet and felt an agonizing pain in his arm. His musket fell to the ground and he walked back to camp with his arm swinging heavily at his side. The surgeon soon relieved him of it altogether. The poor fellow learned a lesson. The "Yank" had beat him at his own game.

The guard-house was a two-story framed building about twelve feet square, having two rooms, one above the other. The detail for guard duty was required to stay in the guard-house; those who wished to sleep going up stairs, while others just relieved or about to go on duty clustered around the fire in the lower room. One

night, when the upper floor was covered with sleeping men, an improvised infantryman who had been relieved from duty walked in, and preparatory to taking his stand at the fire, threw his musket carelessly in the corner. A loud report and angry exclamations immediately followed. The sergeant of the guard, noticing the direction of the ball, hurried up stairs, and to the disgust of the sleepy fellows, ordered all hands to "turn out." Grumbling, growling, stretching and rubbing their eyes, the men got up. Some one inquired, "where's Pryor?" His chum, who had been sleeping by his side, replied "there he is asleep—shake him!" His blanket was drawn aside, and with a shake he was commanded to "get up!" But there was no motion, no reply. The ball had passed through his heart, and he had passed without a groan or a sigh from deep sleep to death. The man who was killed and the man who was sleeping by his side, under the same blanket, were members of the Second company Richmond Howitzers. The careless man who made the trouble was also an artilleryman, from one of the other batteries.

Shortly after this accident, after a quiet day, the men retired to their huts and the whole camp was still as a country church-yard. The pickets on the river's edge could hear those on the opposite side asking the corporal of the guard the hour and complaining that they had not been promptly relieved. Suddenly a terrific bombardment commenced and the earth fairly trembled. The men, suddenly awakened, heard the roar of the guns, the rush of the shots and the explosion of the shells. To a man only half awake the shells seemed to pass very near and in every direction. In a moment all were rushing out of their houses, and soon the hillsides and bluffs were covered with an excited crowd, gazing awestruck on the sight. The firing was away to the right, and there was not the slightest danger. Having realized this fact, the interest was intense. The shells from the opposite lines met and passed in mid air—their burning fuses forming an arch of fire which, paled occasionally as a shell burst, illuminating the heavens with its blaze. The uproar, even at such a distance, was terrible. The officers, fearing that fire would be opened along the whole line, ordered the cannoneers to their posts; men were sent down into the magazine with lanterns to arrange the ammunition for the heavy guns; the lids of the limbers of the field-pieces were thrown up; the cannoneers were counted off at their posts; the brush which had been piled before the embrasures was torn away, and with implements in hand all stood at attention till

the last shot was fired,—the heavens were dark again and silence reigned. Soon all hands were as sound asleep as though nothing had occurred.

The next morning an artilleryman came walking leisurely towards the camp, and being recognized as belonging to a battery which was in position on that part of the line where the firing of the last night occurred, was plied with questions as to the loss on our side, who was hurt, &c., &c. Smiling at the anxious faces and eager questions, he replied: "When? Last night? Nobody!" It was astounding, but nevertheless true.

On another occasion some scattering shots were heard up the river, and after awhile a body came floating down the stream. It was hauled on shore and buried in the sand a little above high-water mark. It was a poor Confederate who had attempted to desert to the enemy but was shot while swimming for the opposite bank of the river. His grave was the centre of the beat of one of the picket posts on the river bank, and there were few men so indifferent to the presence of the dead as not to prefer some other post.

And so while there had been no fighting there were always incidents to remind the soldier that danger lurked around, and that he could not long avoid his share. The camp was not as joyous as it had been, and all felt that the time was near which would try the courage of the stoutest. The struggles of the troops on the right with overwhelming numbers and reports of adversities, caused a general expectation that the troops lying so idly at the Clifton house would be ordered to the point of danger. They had not long to wait.

Sunday came and went as many a Sunday had. There was nothing unusual apparent, unless, perhaps, the dull and listless attitudes of the men and the monotonous call of those on guard were more oppressive than usual. The sun went down, the hills and valleys and the river were veiled in darkness. Here and there twinkling lights were visible. On the other side of the river could be heard a low rumbling which experienced men said was the movement of artillery and ammunition trains bound to the enemy's left to press the already broken right of the Confederate line.

Some had actually gone to sleep for the night. Others were huddled around the fires in the little huts, and a few sat out on the hillside discussing the probabilities of the near future. A most peaceful scene—a most peaceful spot. Hymns were sung and



prayers were made, though no preacher was there. Memory reverted fondly to the past, to home and friends. The spirit of the soldier soared away to other scenes and left him to sit blankly down, gaze at the stars and feel unspeakable longings for undefined joys, and weep, for very tenderness of heart, at his own sad loneliness.

At 10 P. M. some man, mounted on horseback, rode up to one of the huts and said the battalion had orders to move. It was so dark that his face was scarcely visible. In a few minutes orders were received to destroy what could be destroyed without noise or fire. This was promptly done. Then the companies were formed, the roll was called and the battalion marched slowly and solemnly away. No one doubted that the command would march at once to the assistance of the troops at or near Five Forks. It was thought that before morning every man would have his musket and his supply of ammunition, and the crack of day would see the battalion rushing into battle in regular infantry style, whooping and yelling like demons. But they got no arms that night. The march was steady till broad day of Monday the 3d of April. Of course the men felt mortified at having to leave the guns, but there was no help for it, as the battery horses which had been sent away to winter had not returned. It was evident that the battalion had bid farewell to artillery and commenced a new career as infantry.

As the night wore on the men learned that the command was not going to any point on the lines. That being determined, no one could guess its destination. Later in the night, probably as day approached, the sky in the direction of Richmond was lit with the red glare of distant conflagration, and at short intervals there were deep, growling explosions as of magazines. The roads were filled with other troops, all hurrying in the same direction. There was no sign of panic or fear, but the very wheels seemed turning with unusual energy. The men wore the look of determination, haste and eagerness. One could feel the energy which surrounded him and animated the men and things which moved so steadily on, on, on!! There was no laughing, singing or talking. Nothing but the steady tread of the column and the surly rumbling of the trains.

As morning dawned, the battalion struck the main road leading from Richmond. Refugees told the story of the evacuation and informed the boys from the city that it was in the hands of the

enemy and burning, and the chances were that not one house would be left standing. Here it became clearly understood that the whole army was in full retreat. From this point the men began to say, as they marched, that it was easier to march away than it would be to get back, but that they expected and hoped to *fight* their way back if they had to contest every inch. Some even regretted the celerity of the march, for, they said, "the further we march the more difficult it will be to win our way back." Little did they know of the immense pressure at the rear and the earnest push of the enemy on the flank as he strove to reach and overlap the advance of his hitherto defiant but now retreating foe.

A detail had been left at Fort Clifton with orders to spike the guns, blow up the magazine, destroy everything which could be of value to the enemy, and rejoin the command. The order was obeyed, and every man of the detail resumed his place in the ranks.

From this point to Appomattox, the march was almost continuous, day and night, and it is with the greatest difficulty that a private in the ranks can recall with accuracy the dates and places on the march. Night was day,—day was night. There was no stated time to sleep, eat or rest, and the events of morning became strangely intermingled with the events of evening. Breakfast, dinner and supper were merged into "something to eat" whenever and wherever it could be had. The incidents of the march, however, lose none of their significance on this account, and, so far as possible, they will be given in the order in which they occurred and the day and hour fixed as accurately as they can be by those who witnessed and participated in its dangers and hardships.

Monday the 3d the column was pushed along without ceremony at a rapid pace until night, when a halt was ordered and the battalion laid down in a piece of pine woods to rest. There was some "desultory" eating in this camp, but so little of it that there was no lasting effect. At early dawn of Tuesday the 4th, the men struggled to their feet, and with empty stomachs and brave hearts resumed their places in the ranks, and struggled on with the column as it marched steadily in the direction of Moore's church, in Amelia county, where it arrived in the night. The men laid down under the shelter of a fine grove, and friend divided with friend the little supplies of raw bacon and bread picked up on the day's march. The men were scarcely stretched on the ground and ready for a good nap, when the orderly of the Howitzers commenced

bawling, "Detail for guard!! Detail for guard!! Fall in here, fall in!!" Then followed the names of the detail. Four men answered to their names, but declared they could not keep awake if placed on guard. Their remonstrance was in vain. They were marched off to picket a road leading to camp, and when they were relieved said they had slept soundly on their posts. No one blamed them.

While it was yet night, all hands were roused from profound sleep, the battalion was formed and away they went, stumbling, bumping against each other, and *sleeping as they walked*. Whenever the column halted for a moment, as it did frequently during the night, the men dropped heavily to the ground and were instantly asleep. Then the officers would commence: "Forward! column forward!!" Those first on their feet stumbling on over their prostrate comrades, who would in turn be awakened, and again the column was in motion, and nothing heard but the monotonous tread of the weary feet, the ringing and rattling of the trappings of the horses and the never ending cry of "Close up men, close up!!"

Through the long, weary night there was no rest. The alternate halting and hurrying was terribly trying and taxed the endurance of the most determined men to the very utmost; and yet on the morning of Wednesday the 5th, when the battalion reached the neighborhood of "Scott's Shops," every man was in place and ready for duty. From this point, after some ineffectual efforts to get a breakfast, the column pushed on in the direction of Amelia Courthouse, at which point Colonel Cutshaw was ordered to report to General James A. Walker, and the battalion was thereafter a part of Walker's division. The 5th was spent at or near the Courthouse—how, it is difficult to remember; but the day was marked by several incidents worthy of record.

About two hundred and twenty-five muskets (not enough to arm all the men), cartridges and caps were issued to the battalion: simply the muskets and ammunition. Not a cartridge box, cap box, belt or any other convenience ornamented the persons of these newborn infantrymen. They stored their ammunition in their pockets along with their corn, salt, pipes and tobacco.

When application was made for rations, it was found that the last morsel belonging to the division had been issued to the command, and the battalion was again thrown on its own resources, to wit: corn on the cob intended for the horses. Two ears were issued to each man. It was parched in the coals, mixed with salt, stored in the pockets and eaten on the road. Chewing the corn was hard

work. It made the jaws ache and the gums and teeth so sore as to cause almost unendurable pain.

After the muskets were issued a line of battle was formed with Cutshaw on the right. For what purpose the line was formed the men could not tell. A short distance from the right of the line there was a grove which concealed an ammunition train which had been sent from Richmond to meet the army. The ammunition had been piled up ready for destruction. An occasional musket ball passed over near enough and often enough to produce a realizing sense of the proximity of the enemy and solemnize the occasion. Towards evening the muskets were stacked, artillery style of course, the men were lying around, chatting and eating raw bacon, and there was general quiet, when suddenly the earth shook with a tremendous explosion and an immense column of smoke rushed up into the air to a great height. For a moment there was the greatest consternation. Whole regiments broke and fled in wild confusion. Cutshaw's men stood up, seized their muskets and stood at attention till it was known that the ammunition had been purposely fired and no enemy was threatening the line. Then, what laughter and hilarity prevailed, for awhile, among these famishing men!

Order having been restored, the march was resumed, and moving by way of Amelia springs, the column arrived near Deatonsville about ten o'clock the morning of Thursday the 6th. The march, though not a long one, was exceedingly tiresome, as the main roads being crowded, the column moved by plantation roads, which were in wretched condition, and crowded with troops and trains. That the night was spent in the most trying manner, may be best learned from the fact that when morning dawned the column was only six or seven miles from the starting point of the evening before.

This delay was fatal. The whole army—trains and all—left Amelia Courthouse in advance of Walker's division, which was left to cover the retreat—Cutshaw's battalion being the last to leave the Courthouse, thus bringing up the rear of the whole army, and being in constant view of the enemy's hovering cavalry. The movement of the division was regulated to suit the movements of the wagon trains, which should have been destroyed on the spot, and the column allowed to make its best time, as owing to the delay it occasioned the army lost the time it had gained on the enemy in the start, and was overtaken the next day.

At Deatonsville another effort to cook was made, but before the

simplest articles of food could be prepared, the order to march was given, and the battalion took the road once more.

A short while after passing Deatonsville, the column was formed in line of battle—Cutshaw's battalion near the road and in an old field with woods in front and rear. The officers, anticipating an immediate attack, ordered the men to do what they could for their protection. They immediately scattered along the fence on the roadside, and taking down the rails stalked back to their position in line, laid the rails on the ground and returned for another load. This they continued to do until the whole of the fence was removed. Behind this slim defence they silently awaited the advance of the enemy.

Soon it was decided that this was not the place to make a stand. The first detachment of the Second company of Richmond Howitzers, and twenty men each from Garber and Fry, under the command of Lieutenant Henry Jones, were left behind the fence-rail work, with orders to resist and retard the advance of the enemy while the column continued its march.

This little band was composed of true spirits—the best material in the battalion. Right well did they do their duty. Left alone to face the advance of the immense host eagerly pursuing the worn remnant of the invincible army, they waited until the enemy's skirmishers appeared in the field, when, with perfect deliberation, they commenced their fire. Though greatly outnumbered and flanked right and left, they stubbornly held on till the line of battle following the skirmishers broke from the woods and advancing rapidly, poured into them a murderous volley. And yet, so unused were they to running, they moved not till the infantry skirmishers had retired and the word of command was heard. Then stubbornly contesting the ground, they fought their way back through the woods. The gallant Lieutenant Jones fell mortally wounded, having held control of his little band to the moment he fell. His friend K—— refused to leave him, and they were captured together, but immediately separated by the enemy. P—— was pierced through and through by a musket ball as he was hurrying through the woods, and fell heavily to the ground. B—— was severely wounded, but managed to escape. H—— was killed outright.

The battalion had left this point but a short time, marching in column of fours with the division, and had reached the brow of a gently sloping hill, perfectly open for perhaps a mile, with a broad

valley on the left, and beyond it a range of hills partly wooded. In an open space on this range the enemy placed a battery in position, and in anticipation of doing great slaughter from a safe distance, opened a rapid fire on the exposed and helpless column. The shells came hurtling over the valley, exploding in front, rear and overhead, and tearing up the ground in every direction. Ah! how it grieved those artillerymen to stand, musket in hand, and receive that shower of insolence. How they longed for the old friends they had left at Fort Clifton. They knew how those rascals on the other side of the valley were enjoying the sport. They could hear in imagination the shouts of the cannoneers as they saw their shells bursting so prettily, and rammed home another shot.

There was some impediment ahead, and there the column stood, a fair mark for these rascals. There was no help near, and all that could be done was to stand firm and wait orders; but help was coming!

A cloud of dust was approaching from the rear of the column. All eyes were strained to see what it might mean. Presently the artillerymen recognized the well known sound. A battery was coming in full gallop, the drivers lashing their horses, and yelling like madmen. The guns bounded along as though they would outrun the horses, and with rush, roar and rattle they approached the front of the battalion. Some fellow in the Second company Howitzers sung out "Old Henry Carter!!! Hurah! for the Third company!! Give it to 'em, boys!!" It was indeed the Third company of Howitzers, long separated from the Second, with their gallant captain at their head!

Not a moment was lost. The guns were in battery, and the smoke of the first shot was curling about the heads of the men in the column in marvelously quick time. Friends and comrades in the column called to the men at the guns, and they, as they stepped in and out, responded with cheerful, ringing voices: "Hello Bill!" "How are you Joe?" Bang!! "Pretty"—Bang!!—"well, I thank you." Bang!! "Oh! we're giving it to 'em now." Bang!!!

As the battalion moved on, the gallant boys of the Third company finished their work. The disappointed enemy limbered up, slipped into the woods and departed. Cheered by this fortunate meeting with old comrades and with the pleasant odor of the smoke lingering around them, these hitherto bereft and mournful artillerymen pushed on, laughing cheerily at the discomfiture of the enemy, and feeling that though deprived of their guns by the



misfortunes of war, there was still left at least one battery worthy to represent the artillery of the army.

As the column marched slowly along, some sharp-eyed man discovered three of the enemy's skirmishers in a field away on the left. More for amusement than anything else, it was proposed to fire at them. A group of men gathered on the roadside, a volley was fired, and to the amazement of the marksmen, for the distance was great, one of the skirmishers fell. One of his comrades started on a run to his assistance, and he, too, was stopped. The third man then scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him. The battalion applauded the good shots and marched on.

At Sailor's creek the detachment which had been left at Deatonsville behind the fence rails to watch and retard the approach of the enemy, having slowly retired before their advance, rejoined the command. Indeed, their resistance and retreat was the beginning of and ended in the battle of Sailor's creek.

The line of battle was formed on Locket's hill, which sloped gently down from the line to the creek, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in rear of and running nearly parallel with the line of battle. A road divided the battalion near the centre. The Howitzers were on the left of this road and in the woods; Garber's men were on the right of the Howitzers, on the opposite side of the road, in a field; Fry's men on the extreme left. To cross the road dividing the line was a hazardous experiment, as the enemy, thinking it an important avenue, swept it with musketry.

It was amusing to see the men hauling out of their pockets a mixture of corn, salt, caps and cartridges, and, selecting the material needed, loading. They were getting ready to stand. They did not expect to run, and did not until ordered to do so.

The enemy's skirmishers advanced confidently and in rather free and easy style, but suddenly met a volley which drove them to cover. Again they advanced in better order, and again the improvised infantry forced them back. Then came their line of battle, with overwhelming numbers; but the battalion stubbornly resisted their advance. The men, not accustomed to the orderly manner of infantry, dodged about from tree to tree, and with the deliberation of huntsmen picked off here and there a man. When a shot "told," the marksman hurrahed! all to himself. There was an evident desire to press forward and drive the advancing foe. Several of the men were so enthusiastic that they had pushed

ahead of the line, and several yards in advance they could be seen loading and firing as deliberately as though practicing at a mark. Colonel Cutshaw received a wound which so shattered his leg that he had to be lifted from his horse into an ambulance. He was near being captured, but by hurrying away the ambulance at a gallop, he escaped to a house a short distance in the rear, where he fell into the hands of the enemy. The same night he suffered amputation of a leg. Captain Garber was struck, and called for the ambulance corps, but on examination found the ball in his pocket. It had lodged against the rowel of a spur which he found the day before and dropped in his pocket.

At last the enemy appeared in strong force on both flanks, while he pushed hard in front. It was useless to attempt a further stand. The voice of Captain Jones, of the Howitzers, rang out loud and clear: "Boys, take care of yourselves!" Saying this, he planted himself against a pine, and as his men rushed by him, emptied every chamber of his revolver at the enemy, and then reluctantly made his way, in company with several privates, down the hill to the creek.

At the foot of the hill a group of perhaps a dozen men gathered around Lieutenant McRae. He was indignant. He proposed another stand, and his comrades agreed. They stood in the road facing the gentle slope of the hill from which they had been ordered to retire. The enemy's skirmishers were already on the brow of hill, dodging about among the trees and shouting to those behind to hurry up. Their favorite expressions were—"Come along, boys; here are the damned Rebel wagons!" "Damn 'em, shoot 'em down!"

In a few moments their line of battle, in beautiful order, stepped out of the woods with colors flying, and for a moment halted. In front of the centre of that portion of the line which was visible—probably a full regimental front—marched the colors and color guard. McRae saw his opportunity. He ordered his squad to rise and fire on the colors. His order was promptly obeyed. The color-bearer pitched forward and fell, with his colors, heavily to the ground. The guard of two men on either side shared the same fate, or else feigned it. Immediately the line of battle broke into disorder and came swarming down the hill, firing, yelling and cursing as they came. An officer, mounted, rode his horse close to the fence on the roadside, and with the most superb insolence mocked McRae and his squad, already, as he thought, hopelessly intermingled

with the enemy. McRae, in his rage, swore back at him, and in the hearing of the man called on a man near him to shoot "that ———," calling him a fearfully hard name. But the private's gun was not in working order, and the fellow escaped—for the time. Before he reached the woods, whither he was going to hurry up the "boys," a Howitzer let fly at him, and at the shock of the bullet's stroke, he threw his arms up in the air and his horse bore him into the woods a corpse.

A little to the left, where the road crossed the creek, the crack of pistols and the "bang" of muskets was continuous. The enemy had surrounded the wagons and were mercilessly shooting down the unarmed and helpless drivers, some of whom, however, managed to cut the traces, mount and escape.

In order to escape from the right of the line, it was necessary to follow the road, which was along the foot of the hill, some distance to the left. The enemy seeing this, were pushing their men rapidly at a right oblique to gain the road and cut off retreat. Consequently, those who attempted escape in that direction had to run the gauntlet of a constant fusillade from a mass of troops near enough to select individuals, curse them and command them to throw down their arms or be shot.

Most of McRae's squad, in spite of the difficulties surrounding them, gained the creek, plunged in, and began a race for life up the long, open hillside of plowed ground, fired upon at every step by the swarm of men behind, and, before they reached the top, by a battery in close proximity, which poured down a shower of canister.

The race to the top of the long hill was exceedingly trying to men already exhausted by continual marching, hunger, thirst and loss of sleep. They ran, panting for breath, like chased animals, fairly staggering as they went.

On the top of this long hill there was a skirmish line of cavalry posted with orders to stop all men with arms in their hands and form a new line; but the view down the hill to the creek and beyond revealed such a host of the enemy, and the men retiring before them were so few, that the order was disregarded and the fleeing band allowed to pass through.

The men's faces were black with powder. They had bitten cartridges until there was a deep black circle around their mouths. The burnt powder from the ramrods had blackened their hands, and in their efforts to remove the perspiration from their faces they

had completed the coloring from the roots of the hair to the chin. Here was no place for rest, however, as the enemy's battery behind the creek on the opposite hills, having gotten the range, was pouring in a lively fire. Soon after passing the brow of the hill, darkness came on. Groups of men from the battalion halted on the roadside, near a framed building of some sort, and commenced shouting, "Fall in Howitzers!!" "This way Garber's men!!" "Fry's battery!!" "Fall in!!" "Cutshaw's battalion fall in here!!" Thus of their own accord trying to recover the organization from its disorder. Quite a number of the battalion got together, and in spite of hunger, thirst, defeat and dreadful weariness, pushed on to the High bridge. So anxious were the men to escape capture and the insinuation of desertion that when threatened with shooting by the rear guard, if they did not move on, they scarcely turned to see who spoke: but the simple announcement "the Yankees are coming!" gave them a little new strength, and again they struggled painfully along, dropping in the road sound asleep, however, at the slightest halt of the column.

At the bridge there was quite a halt, and in the darkness the men commenced calling to each other by name—the rascally infantry around, still ready for fun—answering for every name. Brother called brother, comrade called comrade, friend called friend; and there were many happy reunions there that night. Some, alas! of the best and bravest did not answer the cry of anxious friends.

Before the dawn of day the column was again in motion. What strange sensations the men had as they marched slowly across the High bridge. They knew its great height, but the night was so dark that they could not see the abyss on either side. Arrived on the other side, the wornout soldiers fell to the ground and slept, more dead than alive. Some had slept as they marched across the bridge, and declared that they had no distinct recollection of when they left it, or how long they were upon it.

Early on the morning of the 7th, the march was resumed and continued through Farmville, across the bridge and to Cumberland heights, overlooking the town. Here, on the bare hillside, a line of battle was formed, for what purpose the men did not know—the Howitzers occupying a central place in the line, and standing with their feet in the midst of a number of the graves of soldiers who had perished in the hospitals in the town.

While standing thus in line a detail was sent into the town to

hunt up some rations. They found a tierce of bacon surrounded by a ravenous crowd, fighting and quarreling. The man on duty guarding the bacon was quickly overpowered, and the bacon distributed to the crowd. The detail secured a piece and marched back triumphantly to their waiting comrades.

After considerable delay the line broke into column and marched away in the direction of Curdsville. It was on this march that Cutshaw's battalion showed itself proof against the demoralization which was appearing, and received, almost from the lips of the Commander-in-Chief, a compliment of which any regiment in the army might be proud.

All along the line of march the enemy's cavalry followed close on the flanks of the column, and whenever an opportunity offered swooped down upon the trains. Whenever this occurred the battalion, with the division, was faced towards the advancing cavalry and marched in line to meet them, generally repulsing them with ease. In one of these attacks the cavalry approached so near the column that a dash was made at them, and the infantry returned to the road with General Gregg, of the enemy's cavalry, a prisoner. He was splendidly equipped and greatly admired by the ragged crowd around him. He was or pretended to be greatly surprised at his capture. When the column had reached a point two or three miles beyond Farmville, it was found that the enemy was driving in the force which was protecting the marching column and trains. The troops hurrying back were panic stricken, all efforts to rally them were vain, and the enemy was almost upon the column. General Gordon ordered General Walker to form his division and drive the enemy back from the road. The division advanced gallantly, and conspicuous in the charge was Cutshaw's battalion. When the line was formed, the battalion occupied rising ground on the right. The line was visible for a considerable distance. In rear of the battalion there was a group of unarmed men under command of Sergeant Ellett, of the Howitzers. In the distribution of muskets at Amelia Courthouse the supply fell short of the demand and this squad had made the trip so far unarmed. Some, too, had been compelled to ground their arms at Sailor's creek. A few yards to the left and rear of the battalion, in the road, was General Lee, surrounded by a number of officers, gazing eagerly about him. An occasional musket ball whistled over, but there was no enemy in sight. In the midst of this quiet a general officer,\* at the left and

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\* Brigadier-General Lewis, who was thought to be mortally wounded, but recovered.

rear of the battalion, fell from his horse, severely wounded. A messenger was sent from the group in the road to ask the extent of his injury. After a short while the enemy appeared, and the stampeded troops came rushing by. Cutshaw's battalion stood firmly and quietly, as if on parade, waiting orders. General officers galloped about, begging the fleeing men to halt, but in vain. Several of the fugitives, as they passed the battalion, were collared by the disarmed squad, relieved of their muskets and ammunition, and with a kick allowed to proceed to the rear. There was now between the group in the road and the enemy only the battalion of improvised infantry. There they stood, on the crest of the hill, in sharp relief. Not a man moved from his place. Did they know the Great Commander was watching them? Some one said "forward," the cry passed from lip to lip and with cheers the battalion moved rapidly to meet the enemy, while the field was full of the stampeded troops making to the rear. A courier came out with orders to stop the advance, but they heeded him not. Again he came, but on they went. Following the line was the unarmed squad, unable to do more than swell the volume of the wild shouts of their comrades. Following them also was the commissary department, consisting of two men, with a piece of bacon swung on a pole between them, yelling and hurrahing. As the line advanced, the blue-jackets sprang up and ran through the broom-straw like hares, followed by a shower of balls. Finally an officer—some say General Gordon, and others an aid of Longstreet's—rode out to the front of the battalion, ordered a halt, and in the name of General Lee thanked the men for their gallant conduct and complimented them in handsome style. His words were greeted with loud cheers, and the battalion marched back to the road carrying several prisoners and having retaken two pieces of artillery which had been abandoned to the enemy. After the enemy was driven back out of reach of our trains and column of march and the troops were in line of battle, General Lee in person rode up in rear of the division, and addressing himself directly to the men in ranks (a thing very unusual with him), used language to this effect: "That is right men; that is all I want you to do. Just keep *those people* back awhile. I do not wish you to expose yourselves to unnecessary danger." Mahone's division then coming up, took the place of Walker's, and the march was resumed. The battalion passed on, the men cutting slices from their piece of bacon and eagerly devouring them. As night came on the signs of disaster increased.



At several places whole trains were standing in the road abandoned, artillery, chopped down and burning, blocked the way, and wagon-loads of ammunition were dumped out in the road and trampled under foot. There were abundant signs of disaster. So many muskets were dropped on the road that Cutshaw's unarmed squad *armed itself* with abandoned muskets, ammunition and equipments. There was a halt during the night in a piece of stunted woods. The land was low and sobby. In the road passing through the woods stood several batteries, chopped down and deserted. There was a little flour on hand, which had been picked up on the road. An oil-cloth was spread, the flour placed on it, water was found, and the dough mixed. Then some clean partition boards were knocked out of a limber chest, the dough was spread on them and held near the fire till partially cooked. Then, with what delight, it was devoured!

At daybreak Saturday the march was resumed and continued almost without interruption during the whole day—the men, those whose gums and teeth were not already too sore, crunching parched corn and raw bacon as they trudged along. Saturday night the battalion rested near Appomattox Courthouse in a pine woods. Sunday morning, April 9th, after a short march, the column entered the village of Appomattox Courthouse, marching by what seemed to be the main road. Several dead men, dressed in the uniform of United States regular artillery, were lying on the road-side, their faces turned up to the blaze of the sun. One had a ghastly wound in the breast, which must have been made by grape or canister.

On through the village without halting marched the column. "Whitworth" shots went hurtling through the air every few minutes, indicating very clearly that the enemy was ahead of the column and awaiting its arrival. On the outskirts of the village the line of battle was formed. Indeed, there seemed to be *two* lines—one slightly in advance of the other. Wagons passed along the line dropping boxes of cartridges, which the men were ordered to knock open and supply themselves with forty rounds each. They filled their breeches' pockets to the brim. The general officers galloped up and down the line, apparently hurrying everything as much as possible. The shots from a battery in advance were continually passing over the line, going in the direction of the village, but without harm to any one. The more experienced men predicted a severe struggle. It was supposed that this was to be an

attack with the whole army in mass, for the purpose of breaking through the enemy's line and making one more effort to move on.

Finally the order "forward!" ran along the line, and as it advanced the chiefs of detachments, gunners and commissioned officers marched in rear, keeping up a continual cry of "Close up, men, close up!" "Go ahead now, don't lag!" "Keep up!" Thus marching, the line entered a body of woods, preceded some distance, changed direction to the left, and emerging from the woods, halted in a large open field, beyond which was another body of woods which concealed further view in front.

After some delay, a detail for skirmish duty was ordered. Captain Jones detailed four men,—Fry and Garber the same number. Lieutenant McRae was placed in command. The infantry detailed skirmishers for their front. All arrangements completed, the men deployed and entered the woods. They had advanced but a short distance, when they encountered a strong line of picket-posts. Firing and cheering they rushed on the surprised men, who scampered away, leaving all their little conveniences behind them, and drove them for about a mile. From this point large bodies of the enemy were visible, crowding the hilltops like a blue or black cloud. It was not many minutes before a strong line of dismounted cavalry, followed by mounted men, deployed from this mass to cover the retreat of their fleeing brethren and restore the picket line. They came down the hills and across the fields, firing as they came. On looking around to see what were the chances for making a stand, Lieutenant McRae found that the infantry skirmishers had been withdrawn. The officer who had commanded them could be seen galloping away in the distance. The little squad, knowing they were alone, kept up a brisk fire on the advancing enemy, till he was close up in front and well to the rear of both flanks. On the left, not more than two hundred yards, a column of cavalry, marching by twos, had crossed the line and were still marching, as unconcernedly as possible, to the rear of McRae. Seeing this, McRae ordered his squad to retire, saying at the same time, "But don't let them see you running, boys!"

So they retired, slowly, stubbornly and returning shot for shot with the enemy, who came on at a trot, cheering valiantly, as they pursued four men and a lieutenant. The men dragged the butts of their old muskets behind them, loading as they walked. All loaded, they turned, halted, fired, received a shower of balls in return, and then again moved doggedly to the rear. A little lieutenant

of infantry, who had been on the skirmish line, joined the squad. He was armed with a revolver and had his sword by his side. Stopping behind the corner of a corn-crib he swore he would not go any further to the rear. The squad moved on and left him standing there, pistol in hand, waiting for the enemy, who were now jumping the fences and coming across the field, running at the top of their speed. What became of this singular man no one knows. He was, as he said, "determined to make a stand." A little further on the squad found a single piece of artillery, manned by a lieutenant and two or three men. They were selecting individuals in the enemy's skirmish line and *firing at them with solid shot!* Lieutenant McRae laughed at the ridiculous sight, remonstrated with the officer and offered his squad to serve the gun, if there was any canister in the limber chest. The offer was refused, and again the squad moved on. Passing a cowshed about this time, the squad halted to look with horror upon several dead and wounded Confederates who lay there upon the manure pile. They had suffered wounds and death upon this the last day of their country's struggle. Their wounds had received no attention and those living were famished and burning with fever.

Lieutenant McRae, noticing a number of wagons and guns parked in a field near by, surprised at what he considered great carelessness in the immediate presence of the enemy, approached an officer on horseback and said, in his usual impressive manner, "I say there! what does this mean?" The man took his hand and quietly said: "We have surrendered." "I don't believe it, sir!" replied McRae, strutting around as mad as a hornet; "you mustn't talk so, sir! you will demoralize my men!" He was soon convinced, however, by seeing Yankee cavalymen walking their horses around as composedly as though the Army of Northern Virginia had never existed. To say that McRae was surprised, disgusted, indignant and incredulous is a mild way of expressing his state of mind as he turned to his squad and said: "Well, boys, it must be so, *but it's very strange behavior.* Let's move on and see about it." As though dreaming, the squad and the disgusted officer moved on.

Learning that the army had gone into camp, the skirmishers went on in the direction of the village and found the battalion in the woods near the main road. Fires were burning and those who had been fortunate enough to find anything eatable were cooking. Federal troops were riding up and down the road and loafing about the camps trying to be familiar. They seemed to think that "How

are you, Johnny?" spoken in condescending style, was sufficient introduction.

During the day a line of men came single file over the hill near the camp, each bearing on his shoulder a box of "hard-tack" or crackers. Behind these came a beef, driven by soldiers. The crackers and beef were a present from the Federal troops near, who, knowing the famishing condition of the surrounded army, had contributed their day's rations for its relief. All honor to them. It was a soldierly act which was thoroughly appreciated.

The beef was immediately shot and butchered, and before the animal heat had left the meat, it was impaled in little strips on sticks, bayonets, swords and pocket knives, roasting over the fires.

Though numbers of the enemy visited the camps and plied the men with all sorts of questions, seeming very curious and inquisitive, not an unkind word was said on either side that day. When the skirmishers under McRae entered the camp of the battalion, their enthusiastic descriptions of driving the enemy and being driven in turn failed to produce any effect. Many of the men were sobbing and crying, like children recovering from convulsions of grief after a severe whipping. They were sorely grieved, mortified and humiliated. Of course they had not the slightest conception of the numbers of the enemy who surrounded them.

Other men fairly raved with indignation, and declared their desire to escape or die in the attempt; but not a man was heard to blame General Lee. On the contrary, all expressed the greatest sympathy for him and declared their willingness to submit at once, or fight to the last man, as he ordered. At no period of the war was he held in higher veneration or regarded with more sincere affection, than on that sad and tearful day.

In the afternoon of Tuesday the 11th, the little remnant of the army remaining was massed in a field. General Gordon spoke to them most eloquently, and bid them farewell. General Walker addressed his division, to which Cutshaw's battalion was attached, bidding them farewell. In the course of his remarks he denounced fiercely the men who had thrown down their arms on the march, and called upon the true men before him to go home and tell their wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts how shamefully these cowards had behaved.

General Henry A. Wise also spoke, sitting on his horse and bending forward over the pommel of his saddle. Referring to the surrender, he said: "I would rather have embraced the tabernacle of death."

There were many heaving bosoms and tear-stained faces during the speaking. A tall, manly fellow, with his colors pressed to his side, stood near General Gordon, convulsed with grief.

The speaking over, the assembly dispersed and once more the campfires burned brightly. Night brought long-needed rest. The heroes of many hard-fought battles, the conquerors of human nature's cravings, the brave old army, fell asleep—securely guarded by the encircling hosts of the enemy. Who will write the history of that march? Who will be able to tell the story? Alas! how many heroes fell!!

The paroles, which were distributed on Tuesday the 11th, were printed on paper about the size of an ordinary bank check, with blank spaces for the date, name of the prisoner, company and regiment, and signature of the commandant of the company or regiment. They were signed by the Confederate officers themselves, and were as much respected by all picket officers, patrols, &c., of the Federal army as though they bore the signature of U. S. Grant. The following is a copy of one of these paroles, recently made from the original:

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VIRGINIA,  
April 10th, 1865

The bearer, Private ———, of Second company Howitzers, Cutshaw's battalion, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home and there remain undisturbed.

L. F. JONES,

*Captain Commanding Second Company Howitzers.*

The "guidon," or color bearer, of the Howitzers had concealed the battle flag of the company about his person, and before the final separation cut it into pieces of about four by six inches, giving each man present a piece. Many of these scraps of faded silk are still preserved, and will be handed down to future generations. Captain Fry, who commanded after Colonel Cutshaw was wounded, assembled the battalion, thanked the men for their faithfulness, bid them farewell, and read the following:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, April 10th, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have con-

sented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended a continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE.

This grand farewell from the man who had in the past personified the glory of his army and now bore its grief in his own great heart, was the signal for tearful partings. Comrades wept as they gazed upon each other, and with choking voices said, farewell! And so,—they parted. Little groups of two or three or four, without food, without money, but with "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed," were soon plodding their way homeward.

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**The Artillery at Second Manassas—General Longstreet's Reply to General S. D. Lee.**

GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA, September 6th, 1878.

*Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Virginia :*

In your issue of last month a paper appears from the pen of General S. D. Lee, claimed to be a reply to a part of my official report of the second battle of Manassas as published in an article on the Gettysburg campaign by myself.

No part of my official report of second Manassas was published in any of my writings upon Gettysburg. In my last I gave an account of the leading features of second Manassas, as connected with my command and myself, but distinctly announced in that paper that my sole purpose was to illustrate, as well as might be, the official as well as personal relations between General R. E. Lee and myself.

General S. D. Lee seems to have started from erroneous premises, therefore, and may mislead some of your readers.

The inclosed account of the artillery combat of second Manassas from Colonel J. B. Walton, commander of the Washington artillery of New Orleans upon that field, seems to meet the only real point of issue made by General S. D. Lee. I have to ask, therefore, that you give it a place in your *Papers* whenever it may be convenient.

I am, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

JAMES LONGSTREET.

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NEW ORLEANS, 20th August, 1878.

My Dear General—Colonel Owen has shown me your letters of 10th and 18th of this month. I have not seen General S. D. Lee's communication to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, but infer that he has made a serious mistake in claiming, if he does so, that he selected the position which his batteries (the batteries of his battalion) occupied on the 30th August, 1862, at the battle second Manassas.

From notes, memoranda, reports and other data at hand, in my possession, I propose to give you the facts as to the selection of the artillery position in that battle and how it was occupied on the 29th before Colonel Lee came upon the field, and on the 30th, the day he reached the army then and the day previous engaged with Pope.

I will be brief as possible and shall endeavor to make my statement intelligible and conclusive from extracts from my memoranda and from reports.

*From my written memoranda of the second Manassas:*

"After the passage of Thoroughfare Gap, August 29th, General Longstreet entered the turnpike near Gainesville, moving down towards Groveton, the head of his column coming upon the field in rear of the enemy's left flank and within easy cannon shot, took position on the right of Jackson, who at the time—11.30 A. M.—was heavily engaged. General Longstreet, in forming his line of battle, ordered me to place my batteries in position between his line and that of General Jackson. A commanding position, *after a rapid reconnoissance*, was selected, conforming to General Longstreet's orders, between his line and General Jackson. The batteries of Miller and Squires, of the Washington artillery, were first put in position, and opened at once on the enemy, distant about twelve hundred yards. The enemy's infantry appearing in force immediately in front of these batteries, I ordered forward and crowded into position with Miller and Squires additional guns of Riley's, Bachman's, Anderson's and Chapman's batteries, all of my corps (First corps, Longstreet's), nineteen guns in all—all were at once engaged. \* \* \* \* \*

The engagement with the enemy's artillery continued until 3.30 o'clock P. M., when, having silenced them and broken up the advancing line of infantry, the batteries were withdrawn to repair damage and fill the chests, which were nearly empty. The operations on the left were ended for the day. The batteries bivouacked upon the field, the men and animals suffering greatly for want of water."

*Extract from Colonel Stephen D. Lee's report of the battle of second Manassas:*

"The battalion (S. D. Lee's battalion light artillery) received orders on the evening of the 29th, near Thoroughfare Gap, to march to the front during the night, and, after a tedious march, encamped about dawn on the morning of the 30th on the pike leading from Gainesville to Stone bridge and about two miles from Stone bridge. Soon after daylight, I found that our bivouac was on the battle field of the previous evening and near our advanced division on picket. The enemy showing every disposition to attack us, upon consultation with Brigadier-General J. B. Hood, and at his suggestion, I placed my batteries (four) on a commanding ridge immediately to his left and rear. In the general line of battle this ridge was about the centre, Jackson's corps being immediately on my left and Longstreet's on my right. It was an admirable ridge of over a quarter of a mile, generally overlooking the ground in front for some two thousand yards."

(Note.—This "admirable ridge" was the identical position which

was selected, occupied and fought upon the day before Colonel Lee reached the battle field).

General Longstreet in his report says:

"Early on the 29th the columns were united and the advance to join General Jackson was resumed. \* \* \* \* \*

Colonel Walton placed his batteries in a commanding position between my line and that of General Jackson and engaged the enemy for several hours in a severe and successful artillery duel.

"During the day (30th) Colonel S. D. Lee, with his reserve artillery placed in the position occupied the day previous by Colonel Walton, engaged the enemy in a very severe artillery combat. The result was, as on the day previous, a success."

General Robert E. Lee in his report to the Secretary of War says:

"August 29th, Colonel Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between Generals Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours.

"On the morning of the 30th the enemy again advanced \* \*. The batteries of Colonel Stephen D. Lee took the position occupied the day before by Colonel Walton."

What is contained in the foregoing is, I suppose, sufficient to establish that the fine position selected for the artillery was selected and occupied by artillery of my artillery corps the day before Colonel Lee arrived near the scene of the battle, which he reached only on the 30th, and that he occupied the identical position the day following that upon which my batteries had engaged the enemy in a very severe artillery combat vigorously for several hours. I cannot add to this evidence of the fact that Colonel Lee did not have, and could not have had by any possibility, anything to do with the selecting or securing that splendid position for artillery combat, no matter to whom the credit may belong.

I have hastily and imperfectly written (nothing from memory) what is here for such use as you may be disposed to make of it, but, with the understanding, that I cannot for a moment suppose that Colonel Lee intended to convey the idea that he selected the position I occupied and fought upon when he, with his battalion, was still at Thorougfare Gap.

With my apology for the unsatisfactory manner I accomplished your wishes and submitting to any correction,

I remain, very truly yours,

J. B. WALTON.

General JAMES LONGSTREET, Gainesville, Ga.

**"Woman's Devotion"—A Winchester Heroine.**

By General D. H. MAURY.

The history of Winchester is replete with romantic and glorious memories of the late war. One of the most interesting of these has been perpetuated by the glowing pencil of Oregon Wilson, himself a native of this Valley, and the fine picture he has made of the incident portrayed by him has drawn tears from many who loved their Southern country and the devoted women who elevated and sanctified by their heroic sacrifices the cause, which, borne down for a time, now rises again to honor all who sustained it.

That truth, which is stranger than fiction, is stronger too. The simple historic facts which gave Wilson the theme of his great picture gain nothing from the romantic glamour his beautiful art has thrown about the actors in the story.

In 1864, General Ramseur, commanding a Confederate force near Winchester, was suddenly attacked by a Federal force under General Averell, and after a sharp encounter was forced back through the town. The battle field was near the residence of Mr. Rutherford—about two miles distant—and the wounded were gathered in his house and yard. The Confederate surgeons left in charge of these wounded men appealed to the women of Winchester (the men had all gone off to the war) to come out and aid in dressing the wounds and nursing the wounded. As was always the way of these Winchester women, they promptly responded to this appeal, and on the — July more than twenty ladies went out to Mr. Rutherford's to minister to their suffering countrymen. There were more than sixty severely wounded men who had been collected from the battle field and were lying in the house and garden of Mr. Rutherford. The weather was warm, and those out of doors were as comfortable and quiet as those within. Amongst them was a beardless boy named Randolph Ridgely; he was very severely hurt—his thigh was broken by a bullet, and his sufferings had been very great—his nervous system was shocked and unstrung, and he could find no rest. The kind surgeon in charge of him had many others to care for; he felt that quiet sleep was all important for his young patient, and he placed him under the charge of a young girl who had accompanied these ladies from Winchester; told her his life depended on his having quiet sleep that night; showed her how best to support his head, and promised to return and see after

his condition as soon and as often as his duties to the other wounded would permit.

All through that anxious night the brave girl sat sustaining the head of the wounded youth and carefully guarding him against everything that could disturb his rest or break the slumber into which he gently sank, and which was to save his life. She only knew and felt that a brave Confederate life depended on her care. She had never seen him before, nor has she ever seen him since. And when at dawn the surgeon came to her, he found her still watching and faithful, just as he had left her at dark—as only a true woman—as we love to believe our Virginia women can be. The soldier had slept soundly. He awoke only once during the night, when tired nature forced his nurse to change her posture; and when after the morning came she was relieved of her charge, and she fell ill of the exhaustion and exposure of that night, her consolation during the weary weeks she lay suffering was that she had saved a brave soldier for her country.

In the succeeding year, Captain Hancock, of the Louisiana infantry, was brought into Winchester wounded and a prisoner. He lay many weeks in the hospital, and when nearly recovered of his wounds, was notified that he would be sent to Fort Delaware. As the time drew near for his consignment to this hopeless prison, he confided to Miss Lenie Russell, the same young girl who had saved young Ridgely's life, that he was engaged to be married to a lady of lower Virginia, and was resolved to attempt to make his escape. She cordially entered into his plans, and aided in their successful accomplishment. The citizens of Winchester were permitted sometimes to send articles of food and comfort to the sick and wounded Confederates, and Miss Russell availed herself of this to procure the escape of the gallant captain. She caused him to don the badge of a hospital attendant, take a market basket on his arm and accompany her to a house, whence he might, with least danger of detection and arrest, effect his return to his own lines. Captain Hancock made good use of his opportunity and safely rejoined his comrades; survived the war; married his sweetheart, and to this day omits no occasion for showing his respect and gratitude for the generous woman to whose courage and address he owes his freedom and his happiness.

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**The Naval Fight in Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864—Official Report of  
Admiral Buchanan.**

UNITED STATES NAVAL HOSPITAL,  
PENSACOLA, August 26th, 1864.

Sir—I have the honor to inform you that the enemy's fleet, under Admiral Farragut, consisting of fourteen steamers and four monitors, passed Fort Morgan on the 5th instant, about 6.30 A. M., in the following order and stood into Mobile bay: The four monitors—Tecumseh and Manhattan, each carrying two fifteen-inch guns; the Winnebago and Chickasaw, each carrying four eleven-inch guns—in a single line ahead, about half a mile from the fort; the fourteen steamers—Brooklyn, of twenty-six; Octorora, ten; Hartford, twenty-eight; Metacomet, ten; Richmond, twenty-four; Port Royal, eight; Lackawana, fourteen; Seminole, nine; Monongahela, twelve; Kennebec, five; Ossipee, thirteen; Itasca, four; Oneida, ten, and Galena, fourteen guns—in a double line ahead, each two lashed together; the side-wheel steamers off shore, all about one-quarter of a mile from the monitors,—carrying in all 199 guns and 2,700 men. When they were discovered standing into the channel, signal was made to the Mobile squadron, under my command—consisting of the wooden gunboats Morgan and Gaines, each carrying six guns, and Selma, four—to “follow my motions” in the ram Tennessee, of six guns,—in all 22 guns and 470 men. All were soon under way, and stood towards the enemy in a line abreast. As the Tennessee approached the fleet, when opposite the fort, we opened our battery at short range upon the leading ship, the Admiral's flag-ship Hartford, and made the attempt to run into her, but owing to her superior speed our attempt was frustrated. We then stood towards the next heavy ship, the Brooklyn, with the same view; she also avoided us by her superior speed. During this time the gunboats were also closely engaged with the enemy. All our guns were used to the greatest advantage, and we succeeded in seriously damaging many of the enemy's vessels.

The Selma and Gaines, under Lieutenant-Commandants P. U. Murphy and J. W. Bennett, fought gallantly, and I was gratified to hear from officers of the enemy's fleet that their fire was very destructive. The Gaines was fought until she was found to be in a sinking condition, when she was run on shore near Fort Morgan.

Lieutenant-Commandant Murphy was closely engaged with the



Metacomet, assisted by the Morgan, Commander G. W. Harrison, who during the conflict deserted him, when, upon the approach of another large steamer, the Selma surrendered. I refer you to the report of Lieutenant-Commandant Murphy, for particulars of his action. He lost two promising young officers—Lieutenant Comstock and Master's-mate Murray—and a number of his men were killed and wounded, and he was also wounded severely in the wrist. Commander Harrison will no doubt report to the Department his reasons for leaving the Selma in that contest with the enemy, as the Morgan was uninjured; his conduct is severely commented on by the officers of the enemy's fleet, much to the injury of that officer and the navy. Soon after the gunboats were dispersed by the overwhelming superiority of force, and the enemy's fleet had anchored about four miles above Fort Morgan, we stood for them again, in the Tennessee, and renewed the attack with the hope of sinking some of them with our prow; again we were foiled by their superior speed in avoiding us. The engagement with the whole fleet soon became general at very close quarters, and lasted about an hour; and notwithstanding the serious injury inflicted upon many of their vessels by our guns, we could not sink them. Frequently during the contest we were surrounded by the enemy, and all our guns were in action almost at the same moment. Four of their heaviest vessels ran into us under full steam, with the view of sinking us. One vessel, the Monongahela, had been prepared as a ram, and was very formidable; she struck us with great force, injuring us but little. Her prow and stern were knocked off, and the vessel so much injured as to make it necessary to dock her. Several of the other vessels of the fleet were found to require extensive repairs. I inclose you a copy of a drawing of the Brooklyn, made by one of her officers after the action; and an officer of the Hartford informed me that she was more seriously injured than the Brooklyn. I mention these facts to prove that the guns of the Tennessee were not idle during this unequal contest. For other details of the action and injuries sustained by the Tennessee, I refer you to the report of Commander J. D. Johnston, which has my approval. After I was carried below, unfortunately wounded, I had to be governed by the reports of that valuable officer as to the condition of the ship, and the necessity and time of her surrender; and when he represented to me her utterly hopeless condition to continue the fight with injury to the enemy and suggested

her surrender, I directed him to do the best he could, and when he could no longer damage the enemy, to do so.

It affords me much pleasure to state that the officers and men cheerfully fought their guns to the best of their abilities, and gave strong evidence, by their promptness in executing orders, of their willingness to continue the contest as long as they could stand to their guns, notwithstanding the fatigue they had undergone for several hours; and it was only because the circumstances were as represented by Captain Johnston that she was surrendered to the fleet about 10 A. M., painful as it was to do so. I seriously felt the want of experienced officers during the action; all were young and inexperienced, and many had but little familiarity with naval duties, having been appointed from civil life within the year. The reports of Commander Harrison of the Morgan, and Lieutenant-Commandant Bennett of the Gaines, you have, no doubt, received from these officers. I enclose the report of Fleet-Surgeon D. B. Conrad, to whom I am much indebted for his skill, promptness and attention to the wounded. By permission of Admiral Farragut, he accompanied the wounded of the Tennessee and Selma to this hospital, and is assisted by Assistant-Surgeons Booth and Bowles, of the Selma and Tennessee, all under the charge of Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, of the United States navy, from whom we have received all the attention and consideration we could desire or expect. The crews and many officers of the Tennessee and Selma have been sent to New Orleans. Commander J. D. Johnston, Lieutenant-Commandant P. U. Murphy, Lieutenants W. L. Bradford and A. D. Wharton, Second Assistant-Engineer J. C. O'Connell and myself, are to be sent North. Master's-mates W. S. Forrest and R. M. Carter, who are with me acting as my aids, not having any midshipmen, are permitted to accompany me. They are valuable young officers, zealous in the discharge of their duties, and both have served in the army, where they received honorable wounds; their services are important to me. I am happy to inform you that my wound is improving, and I sincerely hope our exchange will be effected, and that I will soon again be on duty. Enclosed is a list of the officers of the Tennessee who were in action.

September 17—Since writing the above I have seen the report of Admiral Farragut, a portion of which is incorrect. Captain Johnston did not deliver my sword on board the Hartford. After the surrender of the Tennessee, Captain Giraud, the officer who was sent on board to take charge of her, said to me that he was

directed by Admiral Farragut to ask for my sword, which was brought from the cabin and delivered to him by one of my aids.

Admiral F. BUCHANAN, *Commanding.*

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*Killed and wounded of Confederate Fleet in action of August 5, 1864,  
Mobile Bay.*

"TENNESSEE"—FLAG-SHIP.

Killed—John Silk, first-class fireman; William Moors, seaman—2.

Wounded—Admiral F. Buchanan, fracture right leg; A. T. Post, pilot, slightly in head; J. C. O'Connell, second assistant-engineer, slightly in leg and shoulder; William Rogers, second assistant-engineer, slightly in head and shoulder; James Kelly, B. M., slightly in knee; And. Rasmison, Q. M., slightly in head; William Daly, seaman, in head; Robert Barry, marine, gunshot wound of ear and head; James McKunn, marine, contusion of shoulder—9.

"SELMA"—P. U. MURPHY, LIEUTENANT COMMANDING.

Killed—J. H. Comstock, lieutenant and executive officer; J. R. Murray, acting master's-mate; William Hall, gunner's-mate; James Rooney, seaman; James Montgomery, seaman; Bernard Riley, ordinary seaman; J. R. Frisly, landsman; Christopher Shepherd, landsman—8.

Wounded—P. U. Murphy, lieutenant commanding, slightly in wrist; John Villa, seaman, badly, leg and arm; Henry Fratee, landsman, badly in hand; Daniel Linnehan, seaman, slightly in arm; John Shick, seaman, slightly in face; John Davis, fireman, slightly; John Gilliland, seaman, slightly—7.

Total killed, 10; wounded, 16.

D. B. CONRAD,  
*Fleet-Surgeon, C. S. N.*

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*Officers of the Ram Tennessee who were in action.*

Admiral F. Buchanan, Commander J. D. Johnston, First Lieutenant and Executive Officer William L. Bradford, Lieutenant A. D. Wharton, Lieutenant E. J. McDermett, Masters H. W. Perrin and J. Demaley, Fleet-Surgeon D. B. Conrad, Assistant-Surgeon R. C. Bowles, First Lieutenant Marine Corps D. G. Raney, First Assistant-

Engineer G. D. Lening, Pilot A. T. Post, Second Assistant-Engineer J. C. O'Connell, Second Assistant-Engineer John Hays, Boatswain John McCradie, Gunner H. S. Smith, Third Assistant-Engineers William Rogers, Oscar Benson and William Patterson, Master's-mates M. J. Beebe, R. M. Carter, W. S. Forrest, Paymaster's-clerk J. H. Cohen.

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**Report of Commander J. D. Johnston.**

UNITED STATES HOSPITAL,  
NAVY YARD PENSACOLA, August 13, 1864.

Admiral FRANKLIN BUCHANAN,

*Late Commanding Naval Defences of Alabama :*

I have the honor to submit the following report of the circumstances under which the Confederate States ram Tennessee, recently under my command as your flag-ship, was surrendered to the United States fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Farragut, in Mobile bay. At 6 A. M., on the 5th instant, the enemy's fleet, consisting of four iron-clad monitors and fourteen wooden vessels, were discovered to be steaming up the channel into the bay—the former in a single line nearest to Fort Morgan, and the latter in a double line, each two vessels lashed together. When they approached sufficiently near to draw the fire from Fort Morgan, signal was made to the squadron to follow your motions, and the Tennessee was moved down to the middle of the channel, just outside the line of torpedoes stretching across it, from whence she immediately opened her battery upon the advancing fleet. Every effort was made at the same time to ram each of the leading vessels as they entered the bay, but their superior speed enabled them to avoid this mode of attack—the first, with the Admiral's flag, passing ahead and the remainder astern before the ship could be turned to encounter them. As she followed them into the bay, the leading monitor, the Tecumseh, was discovered to be sinking, and in a few minutes she disappeared, taking down nearly all on board, consisting, as since learned, of one hundred souls. The Tennessee's battery was used to the greatest advantage as long as the fleet were within range, and when they reached a point about four miles from Fort Morgan, and were in the act of anchoring, she steamed alone up towards them (the other vessels of your squadron having been dispersed) and attacked them as soon as she was near enough to render her fire effective. The whole fleet were again put in motion

to receive her, and she received four tremendous shocks by the heaviest vessels running into her at full speed; soon after which I received an order from you in person to stand for Fort Morgan, as it had been reported by the acting chief-engineer that the ship was leaking rapidly. At this time it was reported to me that the wheel-chain had been carried away, and, ordering the relieving tackles to be used, I made a personal examination of the broken chain to ascertain if it could be repaired. This was found to be impossible without sending men outside of the shield to expose themselves several minutes to the fire of the enemy's vessels, by which the after-deck over which the chains lead was closely watched and constantly swept until the close of the action. Returning to the pilot-house for the purpose of observing more closely the movements of the enemy, I soon received a report that you had been wounded; when I went aft to see you, and while there, learned that the after-port cover had been struck by a shot, which instantly killed a man engaged in removing the pivot bolt upon which it revolved, and wounded yourself and one of the gun's crew, the latter mortally. I then learned that the two quarter-port covers had been so jammed by the fire of the enemy as to render it impracticable to remove them; and the relieving tackles had been shot away, and the tiller unshipped from the rudder-head. The smoke-pipe having been completely riddled by shot, was knocked down close to the top of the shield by the concussion of vessels running into the ship. At the same time the three monitors were using their eleven and fifteen-inch solid shot against the after end of the shield, while the largest of the wooden vessels were pouring in separate broadsides at the distance of only a few feet; and I regret to say that many favorable opportunities of sinking those vessels were unavoidably lost by failure of our gun-primers. The bow-port cover was struck by a heavy shot, as also the cover of the forward port on the port side; and two of the broadside-port covers were entirely unshipped by the enemy's shot. The enemy was not long in perceiving that our steering gear had been entirely disabled, and his monitors and heaviest vessels at once took position at each quarter and stern, from whence they poured in their fire without intermission for a period of nearly half an hour, while we were unable to bring a single gun to bear, as it was impossible to change the position of the vessel, and the steam was rapidly going down as a natural consequence of the loss of the smoke pipe. Feeling it my duty to in-

form you of the condition of the vessel, I went to the berth deck for this purpose, and, after making my report, asked if you did not think we had better surrender, to which you replied, "Do the best you can, and when all is done, surrender," or words to that effect. Upon my returning to the gun-deck, I observed one of the heaviest vessels of the enemy in the act of running into us on the port quarter, while the shot were fairly raining upon the after end of the shield, which was now so thoroughly shattered that in a few moments it would have fallen and exposed the gun deck to a raking fire of shell and grape. Realizing our helpless condition at a glance, and conceiving that the ship was now nothing more than a target for the heavy guns of the enemy, I concluded that no good object could be accomplished by sacrificing the lives of the officers and men in such a one-sided contest, and therefore proceeded to the top of the shield and took down the ensign, which had been lashed on to the handle of a gun-scraper and stuck up through the grating. While in the act several shots passed close to me, and when I went below to order the engines to be stopped, the fire of the enemy was continued. I then decided, though with an almost bursting heart, to hoist the white flag; and, returning again to the shield, I placed it in the spot where but a few moments before had floated the proud flag for whose honor I would so cheerfully have sacrificed my own life, if I could possibly have become the only victim; but at that time it would have been impossible to destroy the ship without the certain loss of many valuable lives, your own among the number.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I bear testimony to the undaunted gallantry and cheerful alacrity with which the officers and men under my immediate command discharged all their duties; and to the executive officer, Lieutenant Bradford, it is due that I should commend the regular and rapid manner in which the battery was served in every particular. While a prisoner on board the *Ossipee*, and since coming into this hospital, I have learned from personal observation and from other reliable sources of information, that the battery of the *Tennessee* inflicted more damage upon the enemy than that at Fort Morgan, although she was opposed by one hundred and eighty-seven guns of the heaviest calibre, in addition to the twelve eleven and fifteen-inch guns on board the monitors. The entire loss of the enemy, most of which is ascribed to the *Tennessee*, amounts to quite three hundred in killed and wounded, exclusive of the one hundred lost on the *Tecumseh*, making a number almost as large as the entire force under



your command in this unequal conflict. Fifty-three shot marks were found on the Tennessee, thirty-three of which had penetrated so far as to cause splinters to fly inboard, and the washers over the ends of the bolts wounded several men.

With the greatest respect and esteem, I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. D. JOHNSTON,

*Commander P. N. C. S., late of the Tennessee.*

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*Letter from General R. E. Lee.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

21st February, 1865.

Brigadier-General I. M. ST. JOHN, *Commissary General, Richmond:*

General—Your letter of the 20th instant is received. I am much gratified to learn that you are taking such prompt and vigorous measures to procure supplies for the army, and cannot permit myself to doubt that our people will respond to your appeal, when they reflect upon the alternatives presented to them. They have simply to choose whether they will contribute such commissary and quartermaster's stores as they can possibly spare to support an army that has borne and done so much in their behalf, or retain these stores to maintain the army of the enemy engaged in their subjugation. I am aware that a general obligation of this nature rests lightly upon most men, each being disposed to leave its discharge to his neighbor. But I am confident that our citizens will appreciate their responsibility in this case and will not permit an army, which, by God's blessing and their patriotic support, has hitherto resisted the efforts of the enemy, to suffer through their neglect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

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**Governor Moore's Proclamation Concerning General Butler's Infamous Order.**

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA,  
May 24th, 1862.

*To the People of Louisiana:*

The general commanding the troops of the United States now holding possession of New Orleans issued the following order on the 15th instant:

"As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

"By command of Major-General Butler."

The annals of warfare between civilized nations afford no similar instance of infamy to this order. It is thus proclaimed to the world that the exhibition of any disgust or repulsiveness by the women of New Orleans to the hated invaders of their home, and the slayers of their fathers, brothers and husbands, shall constitute a justification to a brutal soldiery for the indulgence of their lust. The commanding-general, from his headquarters, announces to his insolent followers that they are at liberty to treat as women of the town the wives, the mothers, the daughters of our citizens, if by word, gesture or movement any contempt is indicated for their persons, or insult offered to their presence. Of the nature of the movement and the meaning of the look, these vagabond refuse of the Northern States are to be the judges.

What else than contempt and abhorrence can the women of New Orleans feel or exhibit for these officers and soldiers of the United States? The spontaneous impulse of their hearts must appear involuntary upon their countenances and thus constitute the crime for which the general of those soldiers adjudges the punishment of rape and brutalized passion.

History records instances of cities sacked and inhuman atrocities committed upon the women of a conquered town, but in no instance in modern times, at least without the brutal ravishers suffering condign punishment from the hands of their own commanders. It was reserved for a Federal general to invite his soldiers to the perpetration of outrages, at the mention of which the blood recoils in horror—to quicken the impulses of their sensual

instincts by the suggestion of transparent excuses for their gratification, and to add to an infamy already well-merited these crowning titles of a panderer to lust and a desecrator of virtue.

Maddened by the noble loyalty of our people to the government of their affections, and at their disgust and execration of their invaders—stung into obliviousness of the world's censure by the grand offering made of our property upon the altar of our liberties—his passions inflamed by the sight of burning cotton illuminating the river, upon whose waters floats the powerful fleet that effected the downfall of our chief city—disappointed, chafed and chagrined that our people, unlike his own, do not measure liberty, truth or honor by a pecuniary standard, he seizes the fruits of a victory he did not help to win eluding his grasp, and nothing left upon which to gloat his vengeance but unarmed men and helpless women.

Louisianians! will you suffer such foul conduct of your oppressors to pass unpunished? Will you permit such indignities to remain unavenged? A mind so debased as to be capable of conceiving the alternative presented in this order, must be fruitful of inventions wherewith to pollute humanity. Shameless enough to allow their publication in the city, by the countenance of such atrocities they will be multiplied in the country. Its inhabitants must arm and strike or the insolent victors will offer this outrage to your wives, your sisters and your daughters. Possessed of New Orleans, by means of his superior naval force, he cannot penetrate the interior if you resolve to prevent it. It does not require a force of imposing magnitude to impede his progress. Companies of experienced woodsmen in every exposed locality, with their trusty rifles and shot-guns, will harass his invading columns, deprive him of his pilots, and assure him he is in the country of an enemy. At proper points larger forces will be collected, but every man can be a soldier to guard the approaches to his home. Organize then quickly and efficiently. If your enemy attempt to proceed into the interior let his pathway be marked by his blood. It is your homes that you have to defend. It is the jewel of your hearths, the chastity of your women, you have to guard. Let that thought animate your breasts, nerve your arms, quicken your energies and inspire your resolution. Strike home to the heart of your foe the blow that rids your country of his presence. If need be, let his blood moisten your own grave. It will rise up before your child as a perpetual memento of a race whom it will teach to hate now and evermore.

THOMAS O. MOORE.

**The Wounding of Stonewall Jackson—Extracts from a Letter of  
Major Benjamin Watkins Leigh.**

[The following extracts from a private letter of Major Leigh, who was then serving on General A. P. Hill's staff, have never been in print, and will be appreciated as shedding additional light on the events of which they treat.]

CAMP NEAR HAMILTON'S CROSSING,  
SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, VIRGINIA, 12th May, 1863.

\* \* \* \* \*

"On Friday the 1st, D. H. Hill's, Trimble's and A. P. Hill's divisions—that is to say, all of Jackson's corps, except Early's division—marched from the vicinity of Hamilton's crossing to a point on the Plank road, about eight miles westward of Fredericksburg. Early's division was left to watch a body of the enemy who had crossed the Rappahannock at a point opposite to Hamilton's crossing, whilst the rest of the corps marched towards Chancellorsville, where the enemy's main force had been concentrated. The greater part of Anderson's and McLaws' divisions had been driven from their positions near Chancellorsville by the advance of the enemy, and we were marching to the support of those divisions.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Saturday the 2d I found General A. P. Hill with his staff at a point about three-fourths of a mile from Chancellorsville. General Lee, General Anderson, General Pender, and a number of general officers were here. There was some skirmishing going on in our front and several minnie balls from the enemy's skirmishers passed near us.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Jackson's corps had already commenced the flank movement.

\* \* \* \* \*

"D. H. Hill's division, under Brigadier-General Rodas, had gotten out of our way, and had been followed by Trimble's division, under Brigadier-General Colston. A. P. Hill's division came last. We left the Plank road at a point so near the enemy that his balls whistled over our heads, and marching from 9 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the evening—a distance of ten or twelve miles, through a dense wilderness—found ourselves at the other end of our detour, on the right flank of the enemy, and not more than three or four miles from the point at which we had left the Plank road. A part of our march was alongside of a road in plain view of the enemy and under fire from one of his batteries. Why he did not attack

us I can hardly conjecture. I have understood that they believed we were in full retreat to the southward; it is certain they never guessed our real design, for their right flank was assailed by us when they so little expected an attack that many of their troops were cooking their supper.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Arrived at the point of our destination and having driven in the enemy's pickets, General Jackson made his dispositions for the attack.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It consisted simply in deploying D. H. Hill's and Colston's divisions and all but two brigades of A. P. Hill's division on each side of the old turnpike leading to Chancellorsville, with one brigade of (I believe) D. H. Hill's division deployed across the Plank road, and the remaining brigades of A. P. Hill's division marching by the Plank road down the old turnpike. \* \* \*

General A. P. Hill rode along down the road, occasionally dashing off to the right or left to see what some particular brigade was doing, and, of course, his staff accompanied him. This state of things continued from 6 o'clock in the evening, when the attack commenced, until 9½ o'clock. In the meantime our troops had driven the enemy about three or four miles towards Chancellorsville. They had run like sheep on our approach—throwing away their arms, knapsacks and everything of which they could divest themselves; they had been completely surprised. They had thrown up entrenchments to meet an attack from the front, but as we assailed their right flank, their entrenchments had been useless to them and they abandoned them. They had, it is true, barricaded the roads, and some of their entrenchments were in the right direction to meet our attack; but neither barricades nor entrenchments enabled them to even delay our progress. Our troops marched in line of battle through the woods filled with thick undergrowth and across ravines at a rapid pace for several hours. The thick woods, the combat and the coming on of darkness had deranged our lines, and brigades, and even divisions, had gotten mixed together. In this state of things we nevertheless pressed forward until we reached the brow of the declivity opposite that on which the tavern, etc., known as Chancellorsville, is situated. Here we were met by the fire of a heavy battery, posted so as to enfilade the road. The troops halted, and General Jackson and General Hill rode forward

for the purpose, as I suppose, of making arrangements to take the position occupied by the enemy's battery.

\* \* \* \* \*

"At one point we were subjected to a severe fire from the battery but it slackened after awhile and we pursued our course; we soon passed our most advanced line, and were still riding down the road, when suddenly a musketry fire opened to our right in the wood. From whom this fire proceeded I have never learned, but it seemed to serve as a signal for the enemy's battery to resume its fire. In an instant the road was swept by a storm of grape and canister; the shells burst above us, around us and amongst us. General Hill and staff turned back towards our lines, and as we approached them we abandoned the road—which was, as I have said, enfladed by the enemy's battery—and turned off to our right in the woods. Whether it was that our troops mistook us for a body of Federal cavalry, or for some other reason, I do not know, but as we approached within fifteen or twenty paces of our line we were received with a blaze of fire. This alone, without the fire from the enemy's battery, which still continued, would have rendered our situation a most perilous one. As it was, it seemed as if we were all doomed to destruction. General Hill's staff disappeared as if stricken by lightning. I perceived that my only hope of escape was in getting to the ground and lying down, that I might expose as little of myself as possible to the fire of our men. I accordingly endeavored to dismount, but my horse was rearing and plunging so violently that I could not do so. Just at this time he was shot—as I judged from his frantic leap—and whether he threw me or I managed to get off myself, I am unable to say, but I found myself lying on the ground. I received a smart blow on the side of my head, and put up my hand to see if I was wounded, but soon found I was unhurt. I laid on the ground for a short time—until our troops discontinued their fire—and then rose. I saw a number of dead and dying men and horses around me, and a horse standing near me; I immediately mounted him and rode about in the woods to see if I could find General Hill; I soon found and rejoined him. We came out into the road together at the point at which we had left it, and he informed me—or I heard some one say—that he was going forward to see General Jackson who had been wounded. I perceived that almost all his staff had disappeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We soon came up to where General Jackson was; we found



him lying by the side of the road, under a little pine tree. General Hill directed me to go for a surgeon and an ambulance for the General, and I hastened off for the purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I met General Pender marching up the road with his brigade. I told him that General Hill had sent me for a surgeon and an ambulance for General Jackson, and he said there was an Assistant Surgeon—Dr. Barr—with his command; he called for Dr. Barr, and that gentleman speedily appeared. Dr. Barr said there was no ambulance within a mile of the place, but that he had a litter with him. I hastened with Dr. Barr and the litter-bearers back to where I had left General Jackson, and I also carried with me Captain Smith, General Jackson's Aid-de-Camp, who had ridden up inquiring for the General. We had been with the General but a short time, when the enemy's battery again commenced to fire upon us. \* \* \*

"General Jackson rose and walked a few yards leaning on my arm. His left arm had been broken above the elbow, and a ball had passed through his right hand. \* \* \*

"We had not gone far when he laid down on the litter and we took it up and were carrying him along, when the cannonade became so terrific that the two litter-carriers abandoned the litter, leaving no one with General Jackson but Captain Smith and myself. We laid the General down in the middle of the road and ourselves beside him. The road was perfectly swept by grape and canister. A few minutes before, it had been crowded with men and horses, and now I could see no man or beast or thing upon it but ourselves. After a little while, General Jackson again rose and walked a short distance to the rear, turning aside off the road, partly because the enemy's fire was mainly aimed at the road and partly because the road was again becoming encumbered with infantry and artillery, and it was easier to go through the woods. But he soon became faint, and we again put him on the litter. I could not induce any of the men we met to act as litter-bearers—I had myself brought the litter on after the General undertook to walk a second time—until I told them that it was General Jackson whom we wished to carry. This I was reluctant to do, as we wished to conceal from the troops as long as possible the fact of his having been wounded. As soon, however, as I mentioned his name, I found every one willing to aid us. We proceeded in this way for, I think, about half a mile. As we were going through the woods

one of the men got his foot entangled in a grape vine and fell, letting General Jackson fall on his broken arm. For the first time he groaned piteously; he must have suffered agonies. He soon recovered his composure, however, and we again took the road to avoid the repetition of such an accident. It was a long time before we got out of the space on which the fire of the battery seemed to be concentrated; as long as we were in it, the shells burst around us thick and fast; they seemed like falling stars. At length I met Dr. Whitehead, who, as I have since learned, had been summoned when General Jackson was found to be wounded. Dr. Whitehead had procured an ambulance, in which we placed the General. It was already occupied in part by a person whom I did not then recognize, but whom I afterwards found to be Colonel Crutchfield, of the artillery, who had had his leg broken. General Jackson at this time complained of great pain in the palm of his left hand, and repeatedly asked for spirits, of which we were unable to find any for a long time, but Dr. Whitehead at length procured a bottle of whisky. After we had gone a short distance with the General in the ambulance, we stopped at the house of Melzei Chancellor to get some water for the General and Colonel Crutchfield. \* \* At Melzei Chancellor's, Dr. Hunter McGuire, Chief Surgeon of our corps, joined us and took charge of the General.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Arriving at the hospital, I found Drs. Coleman, Taylor and Fleming; \* \* \* that General Jackson had already arrived; and the surgeons told me it would be necessary to amputate his arm. No one at that time seemed to think that his life was in danger." \* \*

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**The Historical Register on our Papers.**

The following notice of our *Papers* appears in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*:

Southern Historical Papers. Richmond, Va.: Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

The Southern Historical Society is doing an exceedingly valuable work in publishing these *Papers*, which have not received in the North the attention to which they are entitled. They make already five volumes, with a sixth half completed, and they are full of the most useful materials for the history of the late war. The battle of Gettysburg is especially fully treated, there being more than a score of papers on it, and nearly all by officers who personally took part in it; and Murfreesboro' and many other battles are more or less fully treated. The purpose of the Society is, we believe, especially to show the gallant part which the South played in the contest, and there is naturally now and then something of the warmth and one-sidedness of men who find not only their patriotism but their personal reputation at stake. But this is to be expected always in the raw material of history, and the more these *Papers* are studied the more valuable they will be found. Not only the battles, military and naval, but incidental matters, like the capture of Davis and the treatment of prisoners, are discussed. As to the capture of Davis, the author makes sad work of Wilson's account, but he is forced to admit that the ex-President was captured on his way to the spring with women with a pail, and that he had a cloak thrown over him, probably for disguise; and the affidavits of the Federal officers there show that it seemed to them an imperfect imitation of feminine costume; so that the dispute so vehemently waged is narrowed down to the fine point of whether it was his cloak or his wife's, and precisely what she exclaimed about his hurting somebody if they were not careful.

The painful matter of the treatment of the prisoners at Andersonville is not so candidly handled. It appears that the frightful mortality arose in part from the poor quality and character of the food, for which the authorities were not perhaps wholly to blame. The more potent causes were, however, the over-crowding, the foul water, the total absence of drainage, shelter, &c. As there was an abundance of vacant land near, and also of water and timber, these evils might easily have been cured by putting the prisoners at work enlarging the stockade, digging drains, building huts, and so forth. Yet the horrible mortality continued without any attempt at amelioration through the year of 1864, the deaths reaching during that frightful summer ten thousand in the twenty thousand usually confined there. There had been some attempts to escape by prisoners employed on the works, and no doubt it was supposed that by exchange or removal the number might be diminished; but that surely cannot excuse the continued neglect of the most simple.

precautions when men were dying from fifty to a hundred a day. General Winder and Lieutenant Wirz can never be absolved from their awful responsibility for this wholesale slaughter which they could so easily have stopped in great part. As to how far President Davis is to be blamed, there will probably always be a difference of opinion. That he knew in a general way of the enormous mortality, and of the charges against General Winder, cannot be doubted, the agitation was so loud and long, and official reports so outspoken, and he admits that he knew them, but was always convinced that they were unfounded from his reliance on Winder's character; and he certainly paid no attention to them except to enlarge Winder's power—an indifference for which he can hardly be acquitted at the bar of history. No doubt the North might have pushed exchanges, and managed its own prisoners better; but these incidents of warfare cannot excuse General Winder; and the death-rate of Northern prisoners (which has never been satisfactorily calculated, by the way) seems never to have approached the rate of Andersonville, although it apparently exceeded the other Southern prisons. While we are compelled to differ with the Secretary on this point, we must heartily express our admiration for the energy and desire for truth which made this enterprise possible in the impoverished South. We hope that their Northern subscription list will be extended, for these are volumes that no library, public or private, that pretends to historical fulness, can afford to be without. Cannot this example be imitated in the North, so that we may preserve, while it is yet possible, the personal recollections of the Northern actors in the national struggle? The late discussion over Lookout mountain shows how much is still in doubt.

The reader will see with surprise the charge that the writers who are contributing so well to the science of history have been excluded from the national archives. These surely should be opened to the historian in the freest manner,\* with every assistance of arrangement and index; and every pains should be taken to make the collection complete by the purchase or exchange of copies.

HENRY W. HOLLAND.

For the compliments contained in the above we make our cordial acknowledgments. That a historical magazine, which is just completing its thirty-second volume, and which has won so wide a reputation for ability, should deem our new enterprise of such value "that no library, public or private, that pretends to historical fulness, can afford to be without" our *Papers*, is, of course, very gratifying to us. But in reference to the criticisms, we have a word of reply.

We are glad that our critic is constrained to admit that Major Walthall "makes sad work of Wilson's account" of the capture of

\*The newspapers announce that free access to the archives has recently been granted.—*Editor Historical and Genealogical Register.*

President Davis, but we respectfully submit that if he will read the paper more carefully, he will find that he does *not* "admit that the ex-President was captured on his way to the spring with women with a pail, and that he had a cloak thrown over him probably for disguise." On the contrary, he shows beyond all cavil that Mr. Davis wore no article of woman's attire, and that the "petticoat story," so industriously circulated and made the subject of photographs and cuts for illustrated papers, was a pure fabrication, palmed off for the purpose of belittling as gallant a gentleman as ever drew sword in defence of the right.

Our critic thinks our discussion of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville "not so candidly handled." Well, we wish he would point out our want of candor and meet our statement of facts. And if he will do so, we hereby offer to publish in full what he may write, provided he will publish our reply in the *Historical Register*. But he will pardon us for saying that, in his very brief notice of our discussion of this question, he is guilty of the want of candor which he charges against us. We freely admitted that there *were* probably cases of individual cruelty to prisoners in our hands, but we showed that the laws of the Confederacy, the orders of our authorities, and the whole spirit of our people were opposed to the ill treatment of prisoners in any respect. We gave detailed proofs to show that the mortality of prisoners at Andersonville was from causes entirely beyond the control of our Government, and we especially proved that the charge of cruelty to prisoners made against President Davis was so void of a shadow of evidence that, even Holt and his band of trained perjurers shrunk from going into a trial of the charge. We proved that the Confederacy made every effort to mitigate the sufferings of Federal prisoners, not only by offering, again and again, to carry out the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, but by proposing to allow each side to send their own surgeons and supplies to their prisoners—by offering to buy medicines, hospital stores, &c., for the exclusive use of Federal prisoners, paying for them in gold, cotton or tobacco—and by offering at last, when all other propositions had been refused, *to send back without equivalent fifteen thousand of the prisoners we held.*

On the other hand, we gave the most abundant proofs that the Federal authorities were guilty of every cruelty which they charged against us. We gave the figures to show that the monthly death-roll of Confederates at Elmira ranged as high as *four per cent.* of the whole number of prisoners, while at Andersonville it was *less than*.

three per cent. for the same period. And we gave the official figures of Secretary Stanton and Surgeon-General Barnes to prove that, taking all of the prisons into the account, more than three per cent. more Confederates died in Federal prisons than Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons. But as our climax we showed that the sufferings on both sides were due to the failure to carry out the terms of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, and that for this the Federal authorities alone (especially Stanton and Grant) were responsible. Now, it would be more "candid" to meet fairly our argument on this question than to give the garbled statement of it contained in the above notice. But we sincerely thank our critic for recommending our volumes to libraries at the North, feeling assured as we do that if the present generation is not prepared to do us justice their children will.

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## Editorial Paragraphs.

THE HISTORY OF OUR RELATIONS WITH THE "RECORD OFFICE" AT WASHINGTON is told in the following card, which has been published in the daily papers, and ought, perhaps, to go into our records:

RICHMOND, September 26, 1878.

There have been so many inaccurate statements made in reference to the Archive Office at Washington, and its relations to the Southern Historical Society, that I deem it proper to give a brief history of the whole transaction.

At the convention to reorganize our Society, held at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs in August, 1873, a resolution was adopted instructing the Secretary to make application to the authorities at Washington for access to the Confederate archives collected there. As, however, it was known that all such applications on the part of our Confederate officers had been refused, we hesitated to make the application until in November, 1875, the then Secretary of War, General Belknap, opened a correspondence with our Society, as the result of an interview which the Secretary of the Society had with his private secretary (Dr. Barnard). This correspondence resulted in nothing, as the Secretary of War insisted upon our simply giving him copies of such parts of our archives as he might desire without any equivalent, and our Committee, on the other hand, were unwilling that "the reciprocity should all be on one side," and insisted upon an exchange of documents. In January, 1877, Dr. Barnard, by the direction of the then Secretary of War, Hon. Don. Cameron, reopened the correspondence; but as no better terms were offered us we again declined to turn over our archives to the inspection and use of the War Department unless there should be full reciprocation.

The course of the War Department very naturally excited the fear that there was no purpose to deal fairly with Confederate documents in the proposed publication of the "Official History of the Rebellion."

We were loth to make any further move in the matter, and had not done so, although we had been gratified to learn that Secretary McCrary had been pursuing a more liberal policy towards some of our friends.

Under date of August 7, 1878, however, we received a letter from General Marcus J. Wright, late of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, in which he announced his appointment as "an agent of the War Department for the collection, &c., of the Confederate records of the war," and stated that he was authorized by the Secretary of War to say "that any duly-accredited agents of the Southern Historical Society will be allowed access to the Confederate archives, to consult them, and to take copies for historical purposes." This offer, made voluntarily and without conditions, was all that we had ever asked, and was in the highest degree gratifying to our Committee.

We, of course, responded in the same spirit, and cordially reciprocated by tendering the War Department free access to our archives, and the privilege of copying anything they might wish. General Wright at once came to Richmond, and had a very satisfactory interview with the Secretary and other members of our Executive Committee. We went to work to prepare an accurate catalogue of our official documents, carefully arranged in chronological order, so that, by comparison with the catalogue of the War Department, it might be seen what was wanted to complete the files of each collection.

This catalogue was completed on Monday last, and I took it on to Washington, where I had a most satisfactory interview with Adjutant-General

Townsend, who now has charge of the whole matter of the archives and their publication; Colonel R. N. Scott, who is in charge of the compilation of the records; Mr. A. P. Tasker, who is keeper of the archives; General Wright, and other gentlemen connected with the "War-Record Office."

General Townsend received me with every courtesy and kindness, and we had a long talk on the whole question. He assured me that so far from desiring to suppress, he is exceedingly anxious to obtain, in order to publish, full files of all of our Confederate reports and other official documents; that he is pushing the work of compilation as rapidly as possible, and that he is ready to give our Society every facility in his power to secure copies of whatever we may wish for historical purposes. In a word, the whole matter has at last been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and the work of exchange will be begun just so soon as our lists can be made out.

A visit to the Archive Office impressed me very favorably with the system, order and care with which everything is managed.

General Wright, of course, showed me every courtesy, and I was more than ever impressed with his high qualifications for his position. And surely, if the "official history" of the great struggle is to be published by the Government, it is to our interest to make the Confederate part of it as full as possible.

J. WILLIAM JONES,  
*Secretary of Southern Historical Society.*

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LOUISIANA DIVISION, A. N. V., have been prompt and liberal. Leroy S. Edwards, Esq., Secretary of the Virginia Division, has forwarded \$2,788.51, and other amounts of money, together with clothing and provisions, have been forwarded from other points direct to the Treasurer, John H. Murray, Esq., New Orleans, until he now reports that "no more funds are needed." It would have been to us a surprise and a grief if the Virginia Division had not promptly and liberally responded to the call of their needy comrades of the gallant Louisiana Division. We shared our scanty rations during the war, and are ready to divide our last crust or our last dollar now.

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OUR ANNUAL MEETING will occur in the hall of the House of Delegates on Tuesday, October 29th, at 8 o'clock P. M., and our next number will contain the annual report of the Executive Committee. Our receipts for the fiscal year have been larger than ever before, and our expenditures less; so that our financial exhibit is decidedly the best we have ever made.

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WE HAVE BEEN ANXIOUS TO INCREASE THE SIZE of our Monthly and will do so the earliest moment at which our subscription list will justify, and that will be at a very early day if our friends will only exert themselves a little to send us new subscribers.